

THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING
THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE,
AS YOU LIKE IT,
TEMPEST,
WINTER'S TALE,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
A HEAD OF SHAKSPEARE, TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY,
AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES.

1. THE COMIC MUSE DICTATING TO SHAKSPEARE, AND FANCY
STREWING FLOWERS OVER HIS PRODUCTIONS.
 2. SHAKSPEARE'S COMIC CHARACTERS PERSONIFIED BY INFANTS.
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1791.

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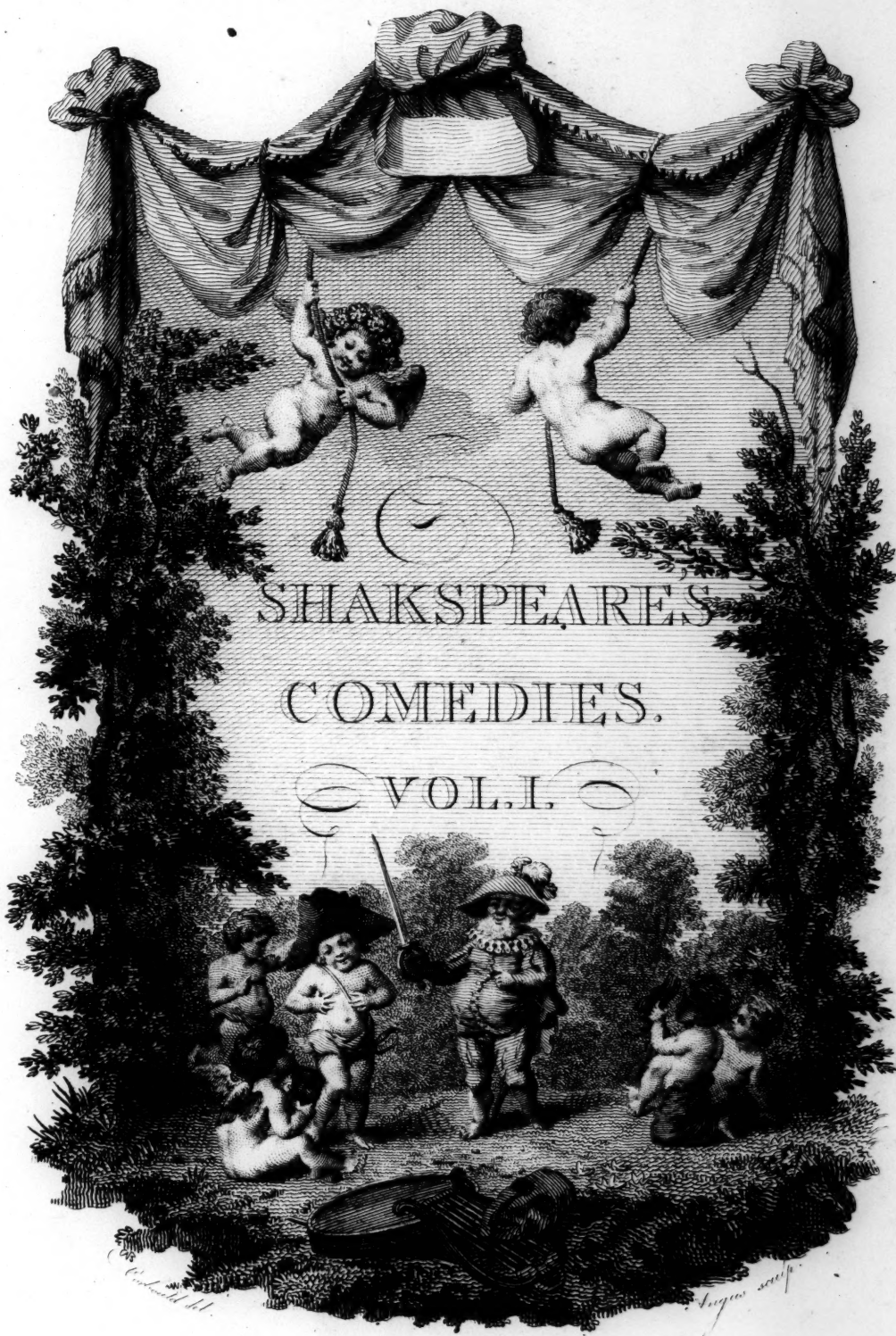


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FRONTISPIECE
TO
SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDIES



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THE
L I F E

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE
L I F E
O F
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TWO centuries have past, and the third is journeying on, since light and life was given to a genius whose course, although confined considerably within the scriptural term of mortal existence, was marked with a brilliancy which will retain its lustre so long as nature shall charm, sense shall refine, and feeling shall engage the heart which dwells, with fondness on the excellencies of mortal composition.

To err is human, and thanks to the numerous pens which have been employed on the merits and

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

defectsof WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the latter have been fully set forth to public view. But of the former, like a rich mine whose stores are unexhaustable, many veins yet remain untouched, and which is still left to be explored by future critics. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, upon whose labours we have formed EIGHT VOLUMES, unclogged with interruptions, ungrateful to those who read him "for himself alone," was born in the year 1564; his father, Mr. JOHN SHAKSPEARE, was a dealer in wool, and in his way a man of eminence. The profits arising from his business, however, were not found to be more than adequate to the support of ten children, of which our WILLIAM was the eldest. It was the desire of his father to bestow on his first-born a liberal education, but what his wishes aimed at, his fortune denied; as a prudent man therefore he led his son's studies to the sheep's fleecy produce, rather than to the mysteries of the scholar's page.

It is not to be supposed that a mind, fraught with the golden stores of imagination, would suffer itself to be long involved in the mists of ignorance. Books and men became in their turns the objects of his attention, and without entering into the

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

too much trodden path of conjecture, to what degree of learning he might have attained, it is fully evident from the noble monument he has raised, to illustrate and dignify his memory, that he was more indebted to the endowments of nature, than to the acquisitions of art.

“ I cannot affirm, (says Theobald) with any certainty, how long his father lived; but I take him to be the same Mr. JOHN SHAKSPEARE who was living in the year 1599, and who then, in honour of his son, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire; and that he enjoyed some hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved service to king Henry VII.

“ Be this as it will, our SHAKSPEARE, it seems, was bred for some time at a free-school; the very free-school, I presume, founded at Stratford: where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but that his father being obliged, through narrowness of circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was thereby unhap-

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

pily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages.

“ How long he continued in his father’s way of business, either as an assistant to him, or on his own proper account, no notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn precisely at what period of life he quitted his native Stratford, and began his acquaintance with London and the STAGE.

“ Whether the force of inclination merely, or some concurring circumstances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determined at this distance; but, it is probable, a view of interest might partly sway his conduct in this point: for he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and she had the start of him in age no less than eight years. She survived him, notwithstanding, seven seasons, and died that very year in which the *players* published the first edition of his works in *folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewise learn from her monument in Stratford church.

“ How

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

“How long he continued in this kind of settlement, upon his own native spot, is not more easily to be determined. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forced him both to quit his country and way of living, to wit, his being engaged, with a knot of young deer-stealers, to rob the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford, the enterprize favours so much of youth and levity, we may reasonably suppose it was before he could write full man. Besides, considering he has left us six-and-thirty plays at least, avowed to be genuine; and considering too that he had retired from the stage, to spend the latter part of his days at his own native Stratford; the interval of time necessarily required for the finishing so many dramattick pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the play-house. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; some time must be lost, even after he had commenced player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the science to qualify himself for turning author.

“It has been observed by Mr. Rowe, that, amongst other extravagances, which our author has given to his Sir John Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives*

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

of *Windsor*, he has made him a deer-stealer; and, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow, he has given him very near the same coat of arms, which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there. There are two coats, I observe, in Dugdale, where three silver fishes are borne in the name of Lucy; and another coat to the monument of Lucy, son of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered, in four several divisions, twelve little fishes, three in each division, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, seems alluded to in Shallow's giving the dozen white *Luces*, and in Slender saying *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding candour and good-nature of our author (which inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him); and that he should throw this humorous piece of satire at his prosecutor, at least twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the prosecutor's side: and, if this was the case, it were pity but the disgrace of such an inveteracy should remain as a lasting reproach, and Shallow stand

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

stand as a mark of ridicule to stigmatize his malice.

“ It is said, our author spent some years before his death in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends, at his native Stratford. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquished the stage. I know it has been mistakenly thought by some, that Spenser’s *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muses*, where she laments the loss of her Willy, in the comick scene, has been applied to our author’s quitting the stage. But Spenser himself, it is well known quitted the stage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakspeare’s name among the actors in Ben Jonson’s *Sejanus*, which first made its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, since that very year a licence under the privy-seal was granted by King James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Heminge, Condell, &c. authorizing them to exercise the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their usual house called *The Globe*, on the other side of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his majesty’s pleasure (a copy of which license is preserved in *Ryder’s Fædera*.) Again, it is certain, that SHAKSPEARE did not exhibit

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

bit his *Macbeth* till after the Union was brought about, and till after King James I. had begun to touch for the *evil* ; for, it is plain, he has inserted compliments on both those accounts, upon his royal master in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatick pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that period. So that what Spenser there says, if it relates at all to Shakspeare, must hint at some occasional recess he made for a time upon a disgust taken : or the Willy there mentioned, must relate to some other favourite poet. I believe, we may safely determine, that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For, in his *Tempest*, our author makes mention of the Bermuda islands, which were unknown to the English, till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and discovered them, and afterwards invited some of his countrymen to settle a plantation there. That he became the private gentleman, at least three years before his decease, is pretty obvious from another circumstance : I mean, from that remarkable and well-known story, which Mr. Rowe has given us of our author's intimacy with Mr. John Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth
and

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

and usury; and upon whom SHAKSPEARE made the following facetious epitaph:

*Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

“This farcaistical piece of wit was, at the gentleman's own request, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. John Combe I take to be the same, who, by Dugdale in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, is said to have died in the year 1614,* and for whom, at the upper end of the choir of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a statue thereon cut in alabaſter, and in a gown, with this epitaph. “Here lieth interred the body of
“ John Combe, Esq. who died the 10th of July,
“ 1614, who bequeathed several annual charities
“ to the parish of Stratford, and 100l. to be lent
“ to fifteen poor tradesmen from three years to
“ three years, changing the parties every third

* By Mr. Combe's Will, which is now in the Prerogative-Office in London, Shakspeare had a legacy of five pounds bequeathed to him. This Will is without any date.

“ year

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

“ year, at the rate of fifty shillings *per annum*,
“ the increase to be distributed to the alms-poor
“ there.”—The donation has all the air of a rich
and sagacious usurer.

“ SHAKSPERE himself did not survive Mr. Combe long, for he died in the year 1616, on his birth day. He lies buried on the north side of the chancel in the great church at Stratford; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed against the wall. He is represented under an arch in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The Latin distich, which is placed under the cushion, has been given us by Mr. Pope, or his graver, in this manner :

*INGENIO Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*

“ I confess, I do not conceive the difference betwixt *ingenio* and *genio* in the first verse. They seem to me entirely synonymous terms; nor was the Pylian sage, Nestor, celebrated for his ingenuity, but for an experience and judgment owing
ing

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

ing to his long age. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, has copied this distich with a distinction which Mr. Rowe has followed, and which certainly restores us the true meaning of the epitaph:

JUDICIO *Pylium*, *genio Socratem**, &c.

“ In 1614, the greatest part of the town of Stratford was consumed by fire; but our SHAKSPEARE’S house,

* The first syllable in *Socratem* is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read *Sophoclem*. Shakspeare is then appositely compared with a dramatick author among the ancients: but still it should be remembered that the elogium is lessened while the metre is reformed; and it is well known that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from the *Fairy Queene* of Spenser, b. ii. c. 9. st. 48, and c. 10. st. 3.

To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare should be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac’d
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature dy’d, whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Again

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

house, among some others, escaped the flames. This house was first built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, who took their name from the manor of Clopton. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and lord-mayor in the reign of king Henry VII. To this gentleman the town of Stratford is indebted for the fine stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen arches, which, at an extraordinary expence, he built over the Avon, together with a causeway running at the west-end thereof; as also for rebuilding the chapel adjoining to his house, and the cross-aisle in the church there. It is remarkable of him, that though he lived and died a bachelor, among the other extensive charities which he left both to the city of London and town of Stratford, he bequeathed considerable

Again, near the wall on which this monument is erected, is a plain free-stone, under which his body is buried, with another epitaph, expressed in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters:

Good friend for Iesus SAKE forbear
To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be T-E Man T spares TEs Stones
And curst be He T moves my bones.

legacies

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

legacies for the marriage of poor maidens of good name and fame both in London and at Stratford. Notwithstanding which large donations in his life, and bequest at his death, as he had purchased the manor of Clopton, and all the state of the family, so he left the same again to his elder brother's son, with a very great addition (a proof how well beneficence and œconomy may walk hand in hand in wise families :) good part of which estate is yet in the possession of Edward Clopton, Esq. and Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. lineally descended from the elder brother of the first Sir Hugh, who particularly bequeathed to his nephew, by his will, his house, by the name of his *Great House* in Stratford.

“The estate had now been foldout of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when SHAKSPEARE became the purchaser; who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New-Place*, which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot at this day retains. The house and lands, which attended it, continued in SHAKSPEARE's descendants to the time of the *Restoration*; when they were repurchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr. Rowe never was apprized. When the civil war raged in England, and king Charles the First's queen was driven by the necessity of affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in New place. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private house in the town; and her majesty preferred it to the college, which was in the possession of the Combe family, who did not so strongly favour the king's party.

“ How much our author employed himself in poetry, after his retirement from the stage, does not so evidently appear: very few posthumous sketches of his pen have been recovered to ascertain that point. We have been told, indeed, in print, but not till very lately, that two large chests full of this great man's loose papers and manuscripts in the hands of an ignorant baker of Warwick (who married one of the descendants from our SHAKSPEARE,) were carelessly scattered and thrown about as garret-lumber and litter, to the

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

the particular knowledge of the late Sir William Bishop, till they were all consumed in the general fire and destruction of that town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the authority of this tradition, because his wife survived him seven years; and, as his favourite daughter Susanna survived her twenty-six years, it is very improbable they should suffer such a treasure to be removed, and translated into a remoter branch of the family, without a scrutiny first made into the value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the authority of the relation: but, notwithstanding such an apparent improbability, if we really lost such a treasure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful hands, I agree with the *relater*, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

No mention has been made of the nature of the malady which brought SHAKSPEARE to his grave; he met the stroke of death on his birth day, having just completed his 52d year. It may be regretted that a longer span to his existence was denied, but let it be considered, that while an infant in his cradle he was preserved amidst surrounding danger. The plague broke out at Stratford, and

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

was so dreadful in its effects between Midsummer and Christmas, that 238 persons were, during that period, carried to their graves: "of which number," says Malone, probably 216 died of that malignant distemper, and one only resided, not in Stratford, but in the neighbouring town of Welcombe. In a calculation, too much allied to several other trifles to be met with in his labours, this gentleman accounts for his supposition, "fortunately for mankind it did not reach the house in which the infant SHAKSPEARE lay, for not one of that name appear in the dead list."

To do justice to the task of delineating the character of a SHAKSPEARE would demand a genius unbounded as his own. We can sound the shallow stream, and measure with accuracy the green hills, but who can fathom the ocean, or to nice calculation reduce the blue heights of the Alps that repose their heads upon the clouds? The reputation of other writers dwindles away from a close inspection of their works, but the nearer we examine the writings of SHAKSPEARE the more we are struck with admiration. The pillar of fame, which the genius of that bard has erected, resembles those stupendous monuments of Egyptian

gyptian grandeur, which have braved, unimpaired, for so many centuries, the iron tooth of time, at a great distance the traveller beholds them mixing their almost invisible summits with the sky; as he approaches nearer and nearer the giant pile expands and grows upon his sight; till, at length, dumb and motionless, and amazed, he stands at the foot of the immeasurable magnitude.

Of posthumous reputation however our Bard was little solicitous. With a noble negligence he abandoned his writings to the guardianship of chance, and, like the leaves of the sybil, the works of SHAKSPEARE, destined to become the oracles of future ages, were long blown about by every gust of pedant ignorance or popular opinion. In the profound philosophy of our Bard the "bubble reputation" was held in slight esteem; in the noble flights of fancy the thoughts of public opinion were left below, despising the glittering allurements of fame; our SHAKSPEARE soared above those sublunary glories, which, like the baseless fabric of a vision, "melts into thin air," and leaves no trace behind." Hence at an early period of life he retired from the career of glory to experience the more real and substantial enjoyment of peace, ease, and rural happiness.

O D E

O N T H E

GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE,

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye,
Say bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims it's fields with rapid flight?
Or mid' yon plains where Fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
Or where the violent pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream;
Or where young Zephir stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolv'd in fairy-dream.
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
See'st thou where Nature treads the deepening
gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hear'st

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-eyed Goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul-transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The loose-robed Graces crown'd with flow'rs
The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featured Hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale;
On Thee the Goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting accents
broke.

" To Thee, my favourite son, belong
" The lays that steal the listening hour;
" To pour the rapture-darting song,
" To paint gay Hope's elysian bower.

" From

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

“ From Nature’s hand to snatch the dart,
“ To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
“ Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
“ And call the Loves with purple wing
“ From the blue deep where they dwell
“ With Naiads in the pearly cell,
“ Soft on the sea-born Goddess gaze;
“ Or in the loose robe’s floating maze,
“ Diffolv’d in downy slumbers rest;
“ Or flutter o’er her panting breast.
“ Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
“ Let Sorrow clad in sable stole
“ Slow to thy musing thought appear;
“ Or pensive Pity Pale;
“ Or Love’s desponding tale
“ Call from th’ intender’d heart the sympathetic
“ tear.”

Say whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?
Why, at thy pencil’s touch refin’d
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where Beauty pours eternal bloom,
And Zephir breaths perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye

Profuse

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

Profuse the radiant goddesses stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh,
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arched wood,
The broidered mead, the landskip, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills and shades, and bowers that breath'd
of love

All burst to fight!—while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the
dew.

The pale-eyed Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bower;
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes by Fancy's touch refin'd
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering Angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze!
The wild note trembling on th' aerial string!

The

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE

The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur sooths the ear of Woe!
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done:—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark Wood shakes his cloudy head;
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its milds fragrance on the gale;
While in pastime all-unseen,
Titania robed in mantle green
Sports on the mossy bank:—her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain;
Or to the fluttering breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold,
Its pinions opening to the light!—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah, no! by Shakspeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near
Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn.

But

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

But hark ! the Tempest howls afar !
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste !
What Cherub blows the trump of war ?
What Demon rides the stormy blast ?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight ;
Then wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves. — But ah ! what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze !
Unaw'd ! nor heeds the sweeping storm.
Ye pale-eyed lightnings spare the cheek of age !
Vain wish ; — though Anguish heaves the bursting
groan.

Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of Rage
Hears not the Mourner's unavailing moan :
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild de-
spair

Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

Lo ! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep ;
What phantomes bathed in infant gore
Stand muttering on the dizzy steep !
Their murmur shakes the zephir's wing !
The storm obeys their powerful spell ;
See, from His gloomy cell

D

Fierce

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky.
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run,*
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering
fun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue,
Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid
flame.

But ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will Passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young spring with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the blushing year;
While along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;

* The Witches in Macbeth.

And

ODE ON SHAKSPEARE.

And oft the blue-eyed graces trim,
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when Eve demure and still
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours th' plaintive strain,
Or wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream,
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the
plain.

An Inscription for a Monument of SHAKSPEARE.

O Youths and Virgins : O declining eld :
O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
Unknown in humble quiet ; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :
O fons of sports and pleasure ; O thou wretch
That weepest for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or deaths rapacious hand,
Which led thee void of hope : O ye who roam
In exile ; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not

INSCRIPTION FOR SHAKSPEARE.

The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue,
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: "This was SHAKSPEARE'S
form;

"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every passion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

AKENSIDE.

In Memory of our famous SHAKSPEARE.

SACRED Spirit, whilst thy lyre
Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wonder'd at thy strains.

Plautus sigh'd, Syphocles wept
Tears of anger, for to hear,
After they so long had slept,
So bright a genius should appear,

Who

IN MEMORY OF SHAKSPEARE.

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,
More durable than time or fate :
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those who seem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and skill divine ;

That were all their other glories
(Them excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable stories
Their garments ever shall be gay.

Where thy honoured bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn,)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

S. SHEPPARD.*

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKSPEARE rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :

* *Author of a small volume of Epigrams, published 1651.*

His

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE:

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reight,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

By DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The TOMB of SHAKSPEARE,

A V I S I O N,

By John GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

WHAT time the jocund rosie-bosom'd hours
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his musky wing.

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinnion'd darkness flew,
The Landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the fullen Ghosts withdrew.

The

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Nightingale no longer swelled her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and flow,
And on the wings of silence ceas'd to float

The gargling Notes of her melodious woe :
The God of sleep mysterious visions led
In gay procession, 'fore the mental eye ;
And my freed soul awhile her mansion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
Through every clime, o'er every region pass'd,
No Paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,

HESPERIAN garden, or CIMMERIAN waste.

On AVON's banks I lit, whose streams appear
To wind with eddies find round SHAKSPEARE'S
tomb,

The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rett fresh th' unfullied sod,)
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah ! what avails, she cry'd, a Poet's name ?

Ah ! what avails th' immortalizing breath

To

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

To snatch from dumb oblivion others fame?

My darling child here lies a prey to death!

Let gentle ORWAY, white-rob'd Pity's priest,

From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,

Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impassion'd breast

With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,

Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,

Poetic transports of the madding mind,

And the wing'd words that waft the soul to
heaven.

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,

Piercing all objects of creations store,

Which in this world' extended surface lie;

And plastic thought that still creat'd more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,

Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,

To view each Being in poetic pride,

To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet Fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,

When strait these visions felt her powerful arm,

And one by one succeeded at her nod,

As vassal Sprites obey the wizard charm.

First

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

First a celestial form (of azure hue
Whose mantle, bound with brede aetherial, flow'd
To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
With fenny vapors he obscur'd the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the
wind.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder-clap on high,
And rais'd the roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea green waves and azure sky.

Then, like heaven's mild embassador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mein
Another form succeeded to my view;
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinished drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil.

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam,

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wa'try glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Through these the queen TITANIA pass'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great OBERON her lord
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A stouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd;
Each little helmet sparkled like a star,
And their sharp spears in pierceless phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thistles, glitter'd in the air.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters of the *weird* band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind,

Pale

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rag'd
below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discovering all the terrors of the place.

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by,
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
No sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or fullen toad,
The murky floor had foil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke,
Now a dire yell of spirits underground
Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning surface
broke;

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose;
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current
froze,
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.
More had I seen—but now the God of day
O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had
spread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.
Yet still the dear ENCHANTRESS of the brain
My waking eyes with wishful wand'rings fought,
Whose magic will controls th' ideal train,
The ever-restless progeny of THOUGHT.
Sweet power, I said, for others gild the ray
Of Wealth, or Honor's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.
Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm Contentment's cottage vale of life.
If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Through Error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

Let not my reason impiously require
What heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,
But teach it to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within its own small empire, man.
Teach me, what all believe, but few possess;
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels anothers woe.
Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.
And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.

SHAK-

SHAKSPEARE's WILL,
Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop
of Canterbury.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini nostri
Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ &c. decimo quarto &
Scotiæ quadragesimo nono, Anno Domini 1616.*

IN the name of God, *Amen.* I *William Shakspeare* of *Stratford-upon-Avon*, in the county of *Warwick*, Gent. in perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter *Judith* one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful *English* money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of a living of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances lying and being in *Stratford-upon-Avon* aforesaid, in the said county of *Warwick*, being parcell or holden of the manor of *Rowington*, unto my daughter *Susannab Hall*, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter *Judith* one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my Will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece *Elizabeth Hall*, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister *Joan Harte*, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my sister *Joan*, and after her decease the fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter

Judith

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my Will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert Baron; but my Will is that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that is such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my Will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my Will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister *Joan* twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances in *Stratford*, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item,

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, *William Harte*, — — *Harte*, and *Michael Harte*, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said *Elizabeth Hall* all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my Will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of *Stratford* aforesaid ten pounds, to *Mr. Thomas Combe* my sword, to *Thomas Russel*, Esq. five pounds, and to *Francis Collins* of the borough of *Warwick*, in the county of *Warwick*, Gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to *Hamlett Sadler* twenty six shillings, eight pence to buy him a ring; to *William Reynolds*, Gent. twenty six shillings, eight pence to buy him a ring; to my godson *William Walker* twenty shillings in gold; to *Anthony Nash*, Gent. twenty six shillings, eight pence; and to *Mr. John Nash* twenty six shillings, eight pence; and to my Fellows *John Hemynge*, *Richard Burbage*, and *Henry Cundell*, twenty six shillings, eight pence apiece to buy the rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter *Susannah Hall*, for the better enabling of her to perform this my Will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or
F tenement,

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

tenement, with the appurtenances in *Stratford* afore-
 said, called the *New Place*, wherein I now
 dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the
 appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in *Henley*
Street within the borough of *Stratford* afore-
 said; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands,
 tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate,
 lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved
 or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields,
 and grounds of *Stratford-upon-Avon*, *Old Stratford*,
Bushaxton, and *Welcombe*, or in any of them, in
 the said county of *Warwick*; and also all that mes-
 suage or tenement, with the appurtenances, where-
 in one *John Robinson* dwelleth, situate, lying, and
 being in the *Black-Friers* in *London* near the *Ward-*
robe; and all other my lands, tenements, and he-
 reditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all
 and singular the said premises, with their appurte-
 nances unto the said *Susannah Hall*, for and during
 the term of her natural life; and after her decease
 to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to
 the heirs males of the body of the said first son
 lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to
 the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to
 the heirs males of the body of the said second son
 lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs to
 the third son of the body of the said *Susanna* law-
 fully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of
 the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default
 of

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece *Hall*, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter *Judith*, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said *William Shakspeare* for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter *Judith* my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, Jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law *John Hall*, Gent. and my daughter *Susanna* his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said *Thomas Russel*, Esq. and *Francis Collins*, Gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former Wills, and publish this to be my last Will and Testament,

SHAKSPEARE'S WILLE.

Testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto
put my hand the day and year first above-written,
by me

William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof.

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamlett Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

*Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde Legum
Doctore Commissario &c. vicesimo secundo die
Mensis Junii Anno Domini 1616. Juramento
Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et
Furat Reservata potestate et Susannæ Hall alt.
ex. &c. cu. vendit &c. petitur.*

SHAKSPEARE'S COAT OF ARMS.

THE FOLLOWING INSTRUMENT IS COPIED FROM
THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLEGE OF HE-
RALDS; IT IS MARKED G. 13. P. 349.

TO all and singuler noble and gentlemen of all
estats and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these
presents shall come, William Dethic, Garter, Prin-
cipall

SHAKSPEARE'S COAT OF ARMS.

cipall King of Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarencieulx, King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realme, sendethe greeting. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembraunce of the valeant facts and vertuous dispositions of worthie men have been made knowne and divulged by certeyne shields of arms and tokens of chevalrie; the grant and testimonie whereof apperteyneth unto us, by vertu of our offices from the Quenes most Exc. Majestie, and her Highenes most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakspeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the counte of Warwick, gent. whose parent, great grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithfull and approved service to the late most prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memorie, was advaunced and rewarded with lands and tenements, geven to him in those parts of Warwickshere, where they have continewed by some descents in good reputacion and credit; and for that the said John Shakspeare having maryed the daughter and one of the heys of Robert Arden of Wellincote, in the said countie, and also produced this his auncient cote of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilest he was her Majesties officer and baylese of that towne; In consideration of the premiffes, and for the encouragement

SHAKSPEARE'S COAT OF ARMS.

ragement of his posteritie, unto whom suche blazon of arms and achievements of inheritance from theyre said mother, by the auntyent custome and lawes of arms, may lawfully descend; We the said Garter and Clarencieux have assigned, graunted, and by these presents exemplified unto the said John Shakspeare, and to his posteritie, that shield and cote of arms, *viz. In a field of gould upon a bend fables a speare of the first, the poynt upward, headed argent*; and for his crest or cognisance, *A falcon with his wyngs displayed, standing on a wrethe of his coullers, supporting a speare armed hedded, or steeled sylver*, fyxed upon a helmet with mantell and tassels, as more playnely may appear depected on this margent; and we have likewise uppon onother escutcheon impaled the same with the auntyent arms of the said Arden of Wellincote; signifieng thereby, that it maye and shalbe lawfull for the said John Shakspeare, gent. to beare and use the same shield of arms single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his naturall lyffe; and that it shal be lawfull for his children, yssue, and posteryte, (lawfully begotten,) to beare, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with theyre dewe differences, in all lawfull warlyke facts and civile use or exercises, according to the lawes of arms, and custome that to gentlemen belongethe, without let or interruption of any person or persons, for use or bearing the same. In wyttnesse and testemonye
whereof

SHAKSPEARE'S COAT OF ARMS.

whereof we have subscribed our names, and fast-
ened the seals of our offices, geven at the Office
of Arms, London, the day of
in the xlii yere of the reigne of our most gracious
Sovraigne lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God,
quene of Ingland, France, and Ireland, defender
of the faith, &c. 1599.



*Explanations of the Allegorical Frontispieces and
Vignettes.*

V O L. I.

The Comic Muse dictating to Shakspeare, and
Fancy strewing flowers over his productions.
Shakspeare's Comic characters personified by
infants.

V O L. II.

An infant Shakspeare in the realms of Fancy.
The Comic Muse surrounded by the visions of
Fancy.

V O L. III.

Fairies adorning Shakspeare's grave.
Fiction attending Shakspeare's dreams.

V O L. IV.

Britannia crowning Shakspeare.
Shakspeare honoured by the Muses.

V O L. V.

Fancy decorating the tomb of Shakspeare.
Shakspeare holding up the mirror to dignified
guilt.

V O L. VI.

Youth attending the dictates of Shakspeare.
The Tragic and Comic Muse adorning the statue
of Shakspeare.

V O L. VII.

The Historic Muse dictating to Shakspeare.
The Historic Muse at the tomb of Shakspeare.

V O L. VIII.

Shakspeare entering the realms of Terror and
Pity.
Shakspeare's Tragic characters personified by in-
fants.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Dramatis Personae.

DUKE.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dukedom.

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

LE BEU, a courtier attending on Frederick.

OLIVER, eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who had formerly been a servant to the Duke.

JAQUES, }
ORLANDO, } Younger Brothers to Oliver.

ADAM, an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the fortunes of Orlando.

DENNIS, servant to Oliver.

CHARLES, a wrestler, and servant to the usurping Duke Frederick.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.

CORIN, }
SYLVIVS, } Shepherds.

A clown, in love with Audrey.

WILLIAM, another clown in love with Audrey.

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a country curate.

ROSALIND, daughter to the Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters,
and other attendants.*

The SCENE lies, first, near OLIVER'S house; and afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Forest of ARDEN.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. OLIVER'S Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charg'd my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother *Jacquess* he keeps at school, and reports speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, (to speak more properly) stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? his horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something, that Nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother; and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

A 2

Orla.

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made; a poor unworthy brother of your's, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know, you are my elder brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me; the courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the younger son of Sir Rowland *de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education; you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercise as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do; beg, when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

Exit. ORLANDO and ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in;—'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him; whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Rosalind*, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of England; they say, many young gentlemen

lemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a Fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to foil him; as I must for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for I assure thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship. [Exit.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who
best

best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to an open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my coz, be merry,

Rof. Dear *Celia*, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Col. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but me, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Rof. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports; let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Rof. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us fit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rof. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily

mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

Cel. No! when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's Natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddeses, hath sent this Natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any;

any ; or, if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st ?

Clo. One, that old *Frederick*, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough ; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show : here comes *Monsieur Le Beau*.

Enter LE BEU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable.
Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau ; what news ?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport !—of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam ? How shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel,

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies ; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do ; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There came an old man and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;——

B

Ros.

Ros. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles*, the Duke's wrestler; which *Charles* in a moment threw, and broke three of his ribs; that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to set this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin; are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there are such odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would feign dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke.

Duke. Do so ; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesses call for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles*, the wrestler ?

Orlando. No, fair Princess : he is the general challenger ; I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your own eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young Sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised ; we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious : if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine to eek out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well ; pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Orlando. Your heart's desires be with you !——

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orlando. Ready, Sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him

him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mockt me before ; but come your ways.

Rof. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg ! [*They wrestle.*]

Rof. O excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace ; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles* ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man ?

Orla. *Orlando*, my liege, the younger son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*.

Duke. I wou'd, thou hadst been son to some man else !
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy :
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth ;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

Manent CELIA, ROSALIND, ORLANDO.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland's* son,
His younger son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Rof. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him ;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd :
If you do keep your promises in love,

But

But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ? *[Giving him a chain from her neck.]*

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you ?——my better parts
Are all thrown down ; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you : fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her : yet she urg'd conference.

Enter LE BEU.

O poor *Orlando* ! thou art overthrown ;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humourous ; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir : and, pray you, tell me thi ;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter ;
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters :
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And

And pity her for her good father's sake;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
 Hereafter in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [Exit.
Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
 From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
 But, heav'nly *Rosalind*!—— [Exit.

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, *Rosalind*; Cupid have mercy;
 not a word!

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
 upon curs, throw some of them at me! come, lame me
 with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
 without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how
 full of briars is this working day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
 holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
 very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in
 my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him,

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than
 myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time,
 in despite of a fall;——but turning these jests out of
 service, let us talk in good earnest; is it possible on such
 a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old
 Sir Rowland's younger son?

Ros.

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly; by this kind of chase, I should hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Enter DUKE, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle!

Duke. You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your Highness banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
 I was too young that time to value her;
 But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
 Why so am I; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her:
 Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
 When she is gone; then open not thy lips:
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
 Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you, neice, provide yourself;
 If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE, &c.*]

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*; where wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke
 Has banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love,
 Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
 Shall we be sundred? shall we part, sweet girl?
 No, let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly;
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
 And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
 For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, (and in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page:
And therefore, look, you call me *Ganymed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To Liberty, and not to Banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, ARDEN FOREST.

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords like Foresters.

DUKE Senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted Pomp? are not these woods
 More free from peril, than the envious Court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The Seasons' difference; as, the icy phang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
 And in that kind swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you:
 To day my lord of *Amiens*, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;

To the which place a poor sequestred stag;
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt;
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said *Jaques*?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.
 First, for his weeping in the needful stream;
 Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
 The flux of company; anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him;
 And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt here?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
 For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the PALACE again.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the finewy *Charles*;
And she believes, where ever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these runaways.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master? oh, my gentle master,
Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland*! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why should you be so fond to overcome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives;
 Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the son.—
 Yet not the son; I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father,)
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it; if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off;
 I overheard him, and his practices;
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or with a base, and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do;
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
 All this I give you, let me be your servant;
 Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility:

Therefore

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And, having that, to choak their service up
Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years, 'till now almost fourscore,
Here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the FOREST of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND in Boys' cloaths for GANIMED. CELIA
drest like a Shepherdess for ALIENA, and CLOWN.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*! how weary are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of *Arden*,

Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Mr. *Touchstone*: look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still,

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guess,
Tho' in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As, sure, I think, did never man love so)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou hast not lov'd.——
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy mistress praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.——
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me;
Thou hast not lov'd.——

O *Phebe*! *Phebe*! *Phebe*!

[*Exit SIL.*

Ros. Alas, poor Shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in love, I
broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for
coming a nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the
kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a
peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and
giving her them again, said with weeping tears, wear these
for

for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. *Jove! Jove!* this Shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fainted for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am a Shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wrecks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coate now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see:
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us,

Cel.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a desert Part of the FOREST.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

S O N G.

Ami. Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can suck
melancholy out of a fong, as a weazel sucks eggs: more, I
pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you
to sing; come, come, another stanza;—call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me no-
thing.—Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you;
but that, they call Compliment, is like the encounter of
two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, me-
thinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the
beggary thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold
your tongues.—

D

Ami.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An' if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that duc ad me?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam*! no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good *Adam*! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DUKE Sen. and Lords. [*A table set out.*]

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES,

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this?
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i'th' forest,
A motley fool; — a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow fool, quoth I; No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, it is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:

D 2

'Tis

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine,
 And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
 And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative:
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial,—O noble fool,
 A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool,
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: and why, Sir, must they so?
 The why is plain, as way to parish church;
 He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley, give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 'Till that the very means do ebb?
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, the city-woman bears
 The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
 Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suits
 His folly to the metal of my speech?
 There then; how then? what then? let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies
 Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear and eat no more.——

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet,

Orla. Nor shalt thou, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man, by thy distress?
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
 Of bare distress has ta'en from me the shew
 Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
 And know some nurture: but forbear, I say:
 He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
 'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
 Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
 force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla.

Orla. Speak you so gently? pardon me, I pray you;
 I thought that all things had been savage here;
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days;
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days;
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
 And sate at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
 Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd;
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,
 That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be blest'd for your good com-
 fort! [Exit.]

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy;
 This wide and universal Theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants, than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely Players;
 They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
 And one man his time plays many parts:
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;

And

And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail,
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier:
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel:
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke Sen. Welcome: set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and good cousin, sing.

S O N G.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude.

Heigh

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning; most loving mere folly;
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limm'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, the PALACE.

Enter DUKE, Lords, and OLIVER.

DUKE.

NOT see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoever he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

Thy

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou: Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the FOREST.

Enter ORLANDO.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of night survey,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O *Rosalind*! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, *Orlando*, carve, on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN and CLOWN.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Mr. *Touchstone*?

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life;
but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In re-
spect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect
that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is
in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in
the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it
fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it,
it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in
thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens,
the worse at ease he is: and that he, that wants money,
E means,

means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is the lack of the sun: that he, who hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope—

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*; those, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? shallow, shallow;—a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again:—a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? the courtiers' hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! learn of the wife, and perpend; civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

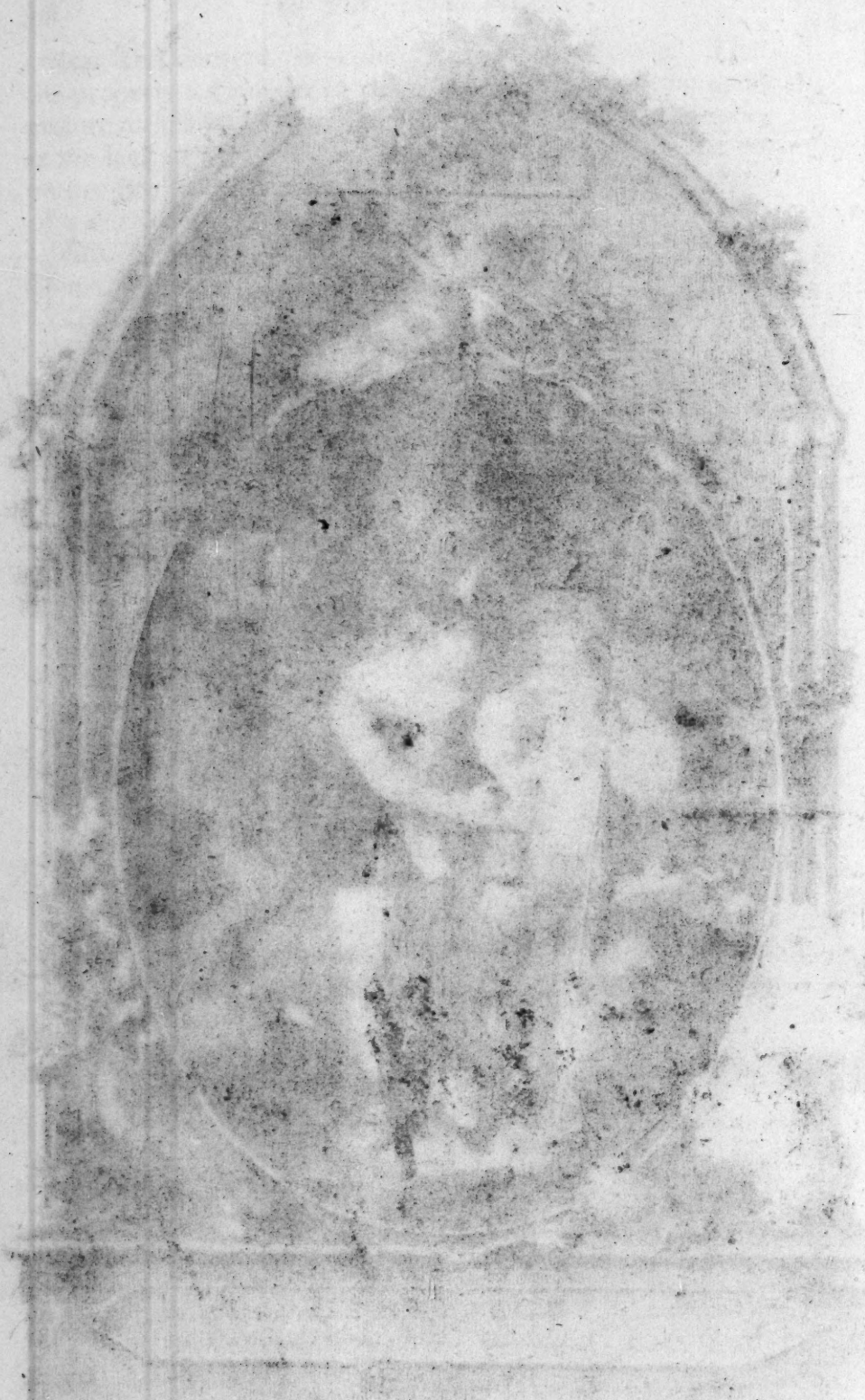
Clo.



Corbould del.

Waller sculp.

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Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man; God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganymed*, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper.

Ros. *From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind,
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.*

Clo. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market,

Ros. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste.—

*If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind,
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind,*

*Sweetest nut hath sowereſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.*

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Rof. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rof. I'll graff it with you, and then I'll graff it with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'th' country; for you will be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Rof. Peace, here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a deſert be,
For it is unpeopl'd? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,
Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all, that read, to know,
This quinteſſence of every ſprite,
Heaven would in little ſhow;
Therefore heaven nature chang'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modeſty.*

Thus

*Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heav'nly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle *Jupiter*!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people.

Cel. How now? back-friends! shepherd, go off a little: go with him sirrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
[Exeunt Corin and Clown.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never so be-rhimed since *Pythagorus's* time, that I was an *Irish* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck; Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping—

Ros. Good, my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it; quickly, and speak apace; I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: to say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn,

Ros.

Ros. It may well be called *Jove's tree*, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous; he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak: Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; flink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalind*, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers; have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love!

[*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy!

[*Cel. and Ros. come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Orla. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else; sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers persons; I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks *Latin*, and a rich man that bath

hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Whom stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtship too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he, that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and funken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;——but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unty'd, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he!

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as mad men do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress: and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,
full

full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loth him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a found sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't,

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt*]

Enter CLOWN, and AUDREY. JAQUES watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest *Ovid*, was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove* thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would, the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honest indeed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aua. Would you not have me honest?

Co. No, truly; unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Afide.*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods for thy fowlness! slut-tishness may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Afide.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho' courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so——poor men alone?——no, no the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli,

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your last company! I am very glad to see you; even a toy in hand here, Sir:—nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley*?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon his bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Clo. Come, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or we must live in bawdry: farewell, good *Sir Oliver*; not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee, but wind away, begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prythee, but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Ros.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas's*: marry, his kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour; your chefnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as the touch of holy Beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana*, a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings; he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides;—who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,

Praising

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdes
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down:
Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes;
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy;
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your
 mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched? What though you have beauty
 (As, by faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed)
 Must you be therefore proud and pityless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work:—O's, my little life!
 I think she means to entangle mine eyes too:—
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees;
 And thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.

Cry

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer,
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well!

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. [*Aside*] He's fallen in love with her foulness, and
she'll fall in love with my anger;—if it be so, as fast as she
answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bit-
ter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am faller than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:
Come, sister:—Shepherdes, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock, [*Exeunt ROS. CEL. and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy law of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*!—

Phe. Hah! what say'st thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*?

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But I do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps : looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth, that ſpoke to me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.

Phe. Think not, I love him, tho' I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth; not very pretty;
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damask.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remembered, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answered not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort;
Go with me, *Silvius*.

[*Exeunt*,

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The FOREST.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

JAQUES.

I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's: then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[Exit.
Ros.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur traveller : Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, *Orlando* ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman : besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that ?

Ros. Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind* ?

Cel. It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me : for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent :—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very *Rosalind* ?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us !) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied ?

Ros.

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, *Orlando*:—What do you say, sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin—*Will you Orlando—*

Cel. Go to:—Will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind for wife.*

Orla. I take thee, *Rosalind*, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, I do take thee, *Orlando*, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possessed her?

Orla. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, *Orlando*; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall not take her without her answer, unless you take her
without

without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of your's won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, Death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu. [Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate; we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep,

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman Conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of Victory; have you no song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Mus. SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home:—take thou no scorn

To wear the horn, the lusty horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock? I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this: [*Giving a Letter.*]
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but a guiltless messenger.

Ros. [*Reading*] Patience herself should startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
 Were man as rare as Phoenix; 'odd's my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
 Why writes she so to me? well, shepherd, well;
 This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
 And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
 I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
 A free-stone colour'd hand; I verily did think,
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
 She has a hufwife's hand, but that's no matter;
 I say, she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is her's.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel stile,
 A stile for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like *Turk* to Christian; woman's gentle brain
 Could not drop forth such giant rude invention;
 Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebe*'s me: mark, how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*] *Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*] *Why thy Godhead laid apart,
 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
 That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me, a beast!

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
 Have power to raise such love in mine,
 Alack, in me, what strange effect
 Would they work in mild aspect?
 Whiles you chide me, I did love;
 How then might your prayers move?
 He, that brings this love to thee,
 Little knows this love in me;*

H

And

*And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity; wilt thou love such a woman? what, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her; "that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream, Left on your right hand, brings you to the place; But at this hour the house doth keep itself, There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such years: "the boy is fair, "Of female favour, and bestows himself "Like a ripe sister: but the woman low, "And browner than her brother." Are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both, And to that youth, he calls his *Rosalind*, He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where. This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself!
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back! about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to *Orlando*;—did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But, kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was it you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert place;—
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke.
 Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lions had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind*.
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now, *Ganymed*? sweet *Ganymed*!

[*ROSALIND faints,*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—*Ganymed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited:—heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
 How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*



AS YOU LIKE IT. Act IV. Sc. III.
Othello — Many will swear when they do look on blood.

C. Corbould del.

Walker sculp.

Published as the Act stands, by Bellamy & Co. August 1. 1797.

ACT V.
SCENE THE FOREST.

Enter CLOWN and AUDREY.

CLOWN.

WE shall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.
Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*; a most vile *Mar-text*! but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean,

Enter WILLIAM.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown; by my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good e'en *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th' forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good answer;—art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a saying; *the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool*. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup
into

into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*: for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the society, which in the boorish, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or Clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant, and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers; go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla.

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thrafonical brag of, *I came, saw, and overcame*: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit, I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her. I know into what streights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros.

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a magician : therefore, put you on your best array ; bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of her's.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, look upon him ; he worships you,

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of faith and service ;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Genymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? [*To Ros.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? [*To Phe.*

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you ?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear ?

Ros. Pray you no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of
Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can ;
[*To Silvius.*]—I would love you, if I could ; [*To Phebe*]—
To-morrow meet me altogether.—I will marry you, [*To*
[*Phebe*]

[*Phebe*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. I will content you, [*To Silvius*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love *Rosalind*, meet ; [*To Orlando*].—As you love *Phebe* meet ; [*To Silvius*].—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well ; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E III.

Enter Clown and AUDREY.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey* ; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart : and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met : Come, fit, fit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you : fit i'th middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune like two gypsies on a horse.

S O N G.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the pretty rank time,
When the birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lover's love the spring.*

I

Between

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices.—Come, *Audrey*. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

*Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd;—
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke,
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her,

Ros.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I bring her?

[*To Orlando.*]

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[*To Phebe.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?

[*To Silvius.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke! to give your daughter;—

You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt Rosalind, and Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd's boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Clown and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my pur-
gation.

gation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good, my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, among the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds or blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, *Audrey*:—as thus, Sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut he would answer, I spake not true. This is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo.

Cle. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first the Retort courteous; the second the Quip modest; the third the Reply churlish; the fourth the Reproof valiant; the fifth the Countercheck quarrellsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND in Woman's Cloaths, and CELIA.

S T I L L M U S I C.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To the Duke.

[To Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he: [To the Duke.

I'll

I'll have no husband, if you be not he :— [To Orlando.

Nor ne'er wed woman if you be not she [To Phebe.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in *Hymen's* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part ;

[To Orlando and Rosalind.

You and you are heart in heart :

[To Oliver and Celia.

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :— [To Phebe.

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

[To the Clown and Audrey]

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met and these things finish.

S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis *Hymen* peoples ev'ry town ;

High Wedlock then be honoured :

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, God of every town!

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me ;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.—
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :—

Duke

Duke *Frederick*, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke *Sen.* Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [To the Duke.
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

[To Orlando.

You to your land, and love, and great allies:—

[To Oliver.

You to a long and well-deserved bed:—

[To Silvius.

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[To the Clown.

Is

Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I :—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit,

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

E P I L O G U E.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ;
but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis
true, that a good play needs no epilogue : yet to good
wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I
in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate
with you in behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished like
a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is,
to conjure you : and I'll begin with the women. I charge
you, O women ! for the love you bear to men, to like as
much of this play as pleases them : and I charge you, O
men ! for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by
your simpering, none of you hate them), that between you
and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,
I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,
complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not :
and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or
sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curtsy,
bid me farewell. [Exeunt omnes.]

T H E E N D.

THE
TEMPEST.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTHONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN, } *Lords.*

FRANCISCO, }

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

W O M E N.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

Nymphs,

Reapers.

} *Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea; with a Ship; afterwards, an uninhabited Island.*

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

MASTER.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boatsf. Here, master: What cheer?

Maft. Good: speak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.]*

Enter MARINERS.

Boatsf. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle;—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care, Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? Youmar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in

your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—
Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I say.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks,
he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging;
make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth
little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our case
is miserable. [Exeunt,

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower; bring
her to try with main-course. [A cry within,]
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the
weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and
drown? have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous,
uncharitable dog!

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent, noise-
maker! we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art,

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship
were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an un-
stanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses;
off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatsf. What, must our mouths be cold? [Exeunt,

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunk-
ards.—

This wide-chop'd rascal;—Would, thou might'st lie
drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon.

Con. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'ft to glut him.

[*A confused noise within*] Mercy on us!—
We split, we split!—Farewel, my wife and children!
—Farewel, brother!—We split, we split, we split—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.]

Con. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for
an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any
thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die
a dry death! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The enchanted Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd,
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better

Than

Than *Prospero*, master of a full poor cell;
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee further: Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me!—So;

[Lays down his mantle.
Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, *Miranda*: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro.

Pro. Twelve years since, *Miranda*, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir
And prince, no worse I should.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence;
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called *Antonio*,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Maria. O good sir, I do.

Pro.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A fallhood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact,—like one,
 Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie,—he did believe
 He was, indeed, the duke; out of the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
 Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, fir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
 Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
 So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark this condition, and the event; then tell me,
 If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
 This king of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—

Should

Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
 A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight,
 Fated to the purpose, did *Antonio* open
 The gates of Milan; and i'the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
 (So dear the love my people bore me); nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, fail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us: to fight
 To the winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
 Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
 Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
 Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble Neapolitan; *Gonzalo*,
 Out of his charity, who being then appointed
 Master of this design, did give us; with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
 Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
 From my own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
 But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
 Than other princes can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't!—And now, I pray
 you, sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
 For raising this sea storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way:—I know, thou canst not choose.—

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now:
 Approach my *Ariel*, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari.

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And fight-out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master,

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;

Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again:
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee:

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistaking; serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, *Sycorax*,

For

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born), not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro.

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heavenness in me.

Pro. Shake it off; come on;
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban*!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Enter ARIEL like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear,

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
 This island's mine, by *Sycorax* my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
 Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
 Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Who first was mine own king; and here you fly me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—Would it had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
 Which any print of goodness will not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
 A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
 Though thou did'st learn, had that in't which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
 For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wer't best,
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou malice?

If

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—

I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*]
It would control my dam's god, *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

*Enter FERDINAND at the remotest part of the stage, and
ARIEL invisible, playing and singing.*

ARIEL'S Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sed you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites the burden bear.
Hark, hark!*

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh, [*dispersedly.*]
The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.
Hark, hark! I hear

*The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S Song.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,*

But

*But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou see'st yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou see'st,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, *[Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

M

Fer.

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his Lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight

[*Afide to Ariel.*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good Sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir, one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Afide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer.



Cordell del.

Walker sculp.

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Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments,

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban*; Foolish wench
To the most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [To *Ferdinand*.]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up,
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.
[To *Ariel*.] Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*!—Follow me.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Then he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free [To *Ariel*.]
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Island. Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gonzalo.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken
truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon,

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not mis't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtile, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtile; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breaths upon us here most sweetly,

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grafs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almost
beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are—

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd
in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness, and
glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt-
water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would
it not say, he lies?

Seb.

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*,

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido*; ay, widow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,

Who

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Then we bring men to comfort them; the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And a time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul wheather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant.

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-feed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things : for no kind of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation; all men, idle all,

And women too, but innocent and pure :

No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
fensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at
nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon.

Gon. You are, gentlemen, of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, playing solemn Music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[GONZ. ADR. FRA, &c. sleeps,

Alon. What all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy——

[All sleep but SEB. and ANT.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language! and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
 This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving;
 And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
 Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
 There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
 Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
 Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
 If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
 Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run,
 By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;
 The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
 A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
 Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:
 Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
 (Who shall be of as little memory,
 When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
 (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
 As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
 What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
 Another way so high an hope, that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me,
 That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. *Claribel.*

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too flow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let *Sebastian* wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your broth *Prospero*.

Ant. True;
And, look how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience!—

Ant. Aye, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kye,
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
 And melt, e'er they molest. Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink, for ay might put
 This ancient morfel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
 And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like
 To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. Oh, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

Enter ARIEL, with Music and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
 (For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO's Ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-ey'd conspiracy
 His time doth take:
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware:
 Awake! awake!*

An. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you
 drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb.

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, 'twas the roar
Of a whole heard of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero*, my lord, shall know what I have done.

So king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Another part of the Island. Enter CALIBAN with a
Burden of Wood: A Noise of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All

All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing
i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks
like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide
my head; yond' same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pail-
fulls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.
A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was)
and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but
would give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and
his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let
loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an
islander, that has lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas!
the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under
his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery
acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here
throwd, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO singing; a Bottle in his Hand,

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks,

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:*

For

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:
 She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while *Sirephano* breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs: who has got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that evertrod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: He shall taste of my bottle: if he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be,——But he is drown'd; and these are devils! O! defend me!——

Ste.

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : Come—Amen : I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano !—if thou be'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ;—be not afraid,—thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou be'st *Trinculo*, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs ; if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed : How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? can he vent *Trinculos* ?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke :—But art thou not drown'd, *Sephano* ? I hope now, thou art not drown'd ? Is the storm overblown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm : And art thou living, *Stephano* ? O *Stephano*, two Neapolitans 'scap'd !

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape ? How cam'st thou hither ? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle ! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject ; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here ; swear then, how escap'dst thou ?

Trin. Sworn ashore, man, like a duck ; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book : Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this ?

Ste. The whole butt, man ; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf ? how does thine ague ?

Cal.

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle; And I will kiss thy foot: I pry thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pry thee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle! Follow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Q

Cal.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel master; farewel,
farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
Ban' Ban,' Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day,
freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

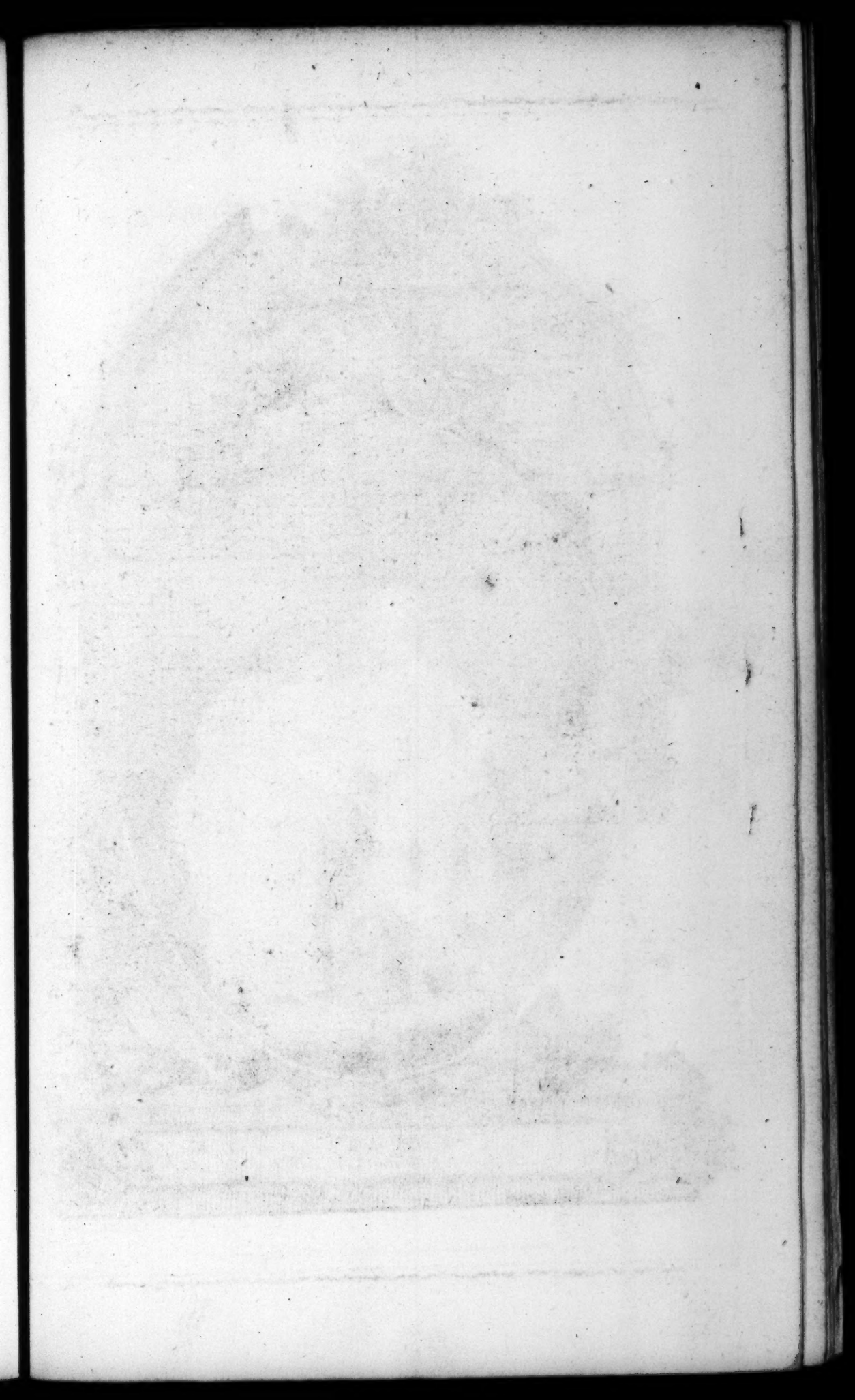
ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before PROSPERO'S Cell. Enter FERDINAND, bearing
a Log.*

Ferdinand.

THERE be some sports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction; My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter





C. F. Burney del.

Heath sculp.

Published as the Act directs, by Bellamy & Co. Oct. 1. 1797.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a Distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your 'hest to say so!

Fer. Admire Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world; Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fir. O heaven, O hearth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning!

And

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with mine heart in't: and now fare-
wel,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand! [Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Island. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, with a Bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink
water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board
e'm: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They
say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them;
if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes
are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack;
for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, e'er I
could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on,
by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my
standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pry thee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a forecreeper, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Trin. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mute then, and no more—[To Caliban] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this island; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dare not—)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal.

Cel. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep.
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger; interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that.

[*Beats him.*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books: for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He hath brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is

The

The beauty of his daughter; he himself
 Calls her, a non-pareil: I never saw a woman,
 But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she;
 But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
 As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
 will be king and queen (save our graces!) and *Trinculo*
 and thyself shall be vice-roys:—Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee; but,
 while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
 Let us be jocund: Will you troul the catch,
 You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any rea-
 son: Come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [Sings.]

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
 Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune. [ARIEL plays the tune on a
Ste. What is this same? [tabor and pipe.]

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture
 of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if
 thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
 Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. Mo, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Will

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see
this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, *Stephano*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Changes to another Part of the Island. Enter ALONSO,
SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,
FRANCISCO, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian.*] I am right glad that he's so out
of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
that you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

Solemn and strange Musick; and Prospero on the Top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigneth there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such islanders,

(For, certes, these are people of the island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

[*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear: When we were
boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,

Dew-

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
 Wallers of flesh; or that there were such men,
 Whose heads stood in their breasts; which now we find,
 Each putter out on five for one, will bring us
 Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
 Although my last; no matter, since I feel
 The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
 Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL like a Harpy;
 claps his Wings upon the Table, and, with a quaint
 Device, the Banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
 (That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit; you mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 And even with such like valour men hang and drown
 Their poor selves. [ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and the rest
 Ye fools! I and my fellows [draw their swords.
 Are ministers of fate; the elements
 Of whom your swords are tempered, me as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowe that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
 Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now two massy for your strengths,
 And will not be up-lifted: But remember,
 (For that's my business to you) that you three
 From Milan did supplant good *Prospero*;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace; Thee, of thy son *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You, and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder : then to soft Musick, enter the Shapes
again, and dance with Mops and Mowes, and carry out
the Table.*

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel* : a grace it had, devouring :
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
In what thou had'st to say : so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done : my high charms work,
And these mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is drown'd),
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit PROSPERO from above.]

Gon. P' the name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper* ; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits :—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROSPERO'S Cell. *Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Prospero.

IF I have too austere punis'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test; here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founde'd,
Or night keep chain'd below.

Pro.

Pro. Fairly spoke :
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is mine own.—
 What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant *Ariel*!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thy and thy meaner fellows, your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*.
 And breath twice; and cry, *so, so*;
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow;
 Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*: Do not approach,
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i'th blood: be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
 The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corallary.
 Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.—
 No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vatches, oats, and pease;
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
 And flat meads thatch'd with slover, them to keep;

Thy

Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,
 Which spungy April at thy heft betrim,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
 groves,
 Whose shadow the dismiss'd bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost sit air; The queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers;
 Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blew bow dost crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
 The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have foresworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid: I met her deity
 Cutting the Clouds towards Paphos; and her son
 Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
 Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
 And be a boy right out.

Ed.

Cer. High queen of state,
Great *Juno* comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing.
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty ;
Barns, and garner, never empty ;
Vines, with clustring bunches growing ;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly : May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet no, silence :

Juno, and *Ceres*, whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on Em-
ployment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Naiads*, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons ; *Juno* does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused Noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. [aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—*[To the spirits.]* Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace.

[Exeunt FER. and MIRA]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee:—*Ariel*, come.

PROSPERO comes forward from the cell;

Enter ARIEL to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Q

Pro.

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare, to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they may lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a horn devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[PROSPERO remains invisible.]

Enter ARIEL loaden with glistening Apparel, &c.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm-
less fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack
with us.

Trin.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still; Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly; All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'thee, my king, be quiet; See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy *Caliban*, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there Tyrant, there! hark, hark! ———

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the cell. Enter PROSPERO in his magic Robes,
and ARIEL.*

Prospero,

NOW does my project gather to a head,
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human,

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do

Do I take part; the rarer action
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
 groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art: But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick (which even now I do),
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn musick.*

Re-enter

Re-enter ARIEL: after him ALONSO with a frantick gesture, attended by GONZALO. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIA and FRANCISCO. They all enter the Circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charm'd; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for 't now, *Sebastian*.—Flesh and
blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expel'd remorse, and nature; who, with *Sebastian*,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—
I will dis-case me, and myself present, [Exit ARIEL.
As I was sometime *Milan*; quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

ARIEL enters singing, and helps to attire him.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:*

There

*There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: So, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invifible as thou art!
There shalt thou find the mariners afleep
Under the hatches; the mafter, and the boatfwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And prefently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, fir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, *Prospero*:
For more affurance that a living prince
Does now fpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou be'ft he, or no,
Or fome enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flefh and blood; and, fince I faw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear a madnefs held me; this muft crave
(An if this be at all) a moft ftrange ftory.
Thy dukedom I refign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how fhould *Prospero*
Be living and be here?

Pro. Firft, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; worfe honour cannot
Be meafur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Wether this be,
Or be not, I'll not fwear.

Pro. You do yet tafte

Some

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors ; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

[*Aside.*

Pro. No :—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation :
How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since,
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss ?

Pro. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?
O Heavens ! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you loose your daughter ?

Pro. In the last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,

R

That

That they devour their reason ; and scarce think,
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
 Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir ;
 This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in ;
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite with as good a thing ;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The Entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND
 and MIRANDA playing at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should
 wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of this island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :
 I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings

[*FERDINAND kneels.*

Of a glad father compass thee about !
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here ?

Mira. O ! wonder !
 How many goodly creatures are there here !
 How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,

That

That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours;
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought, I had one; she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at Tunis;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

R 2

Re-enter

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd; if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore!
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd; as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went,

Pro. My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, Sir, if I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginsling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, where we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } *[Aside.*
be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my leige,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,

Which

(Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
To which you shall seem probable) of every
These happened accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither,
spirit;

Set *Caliban* and his companions free:

[*To ARIEL.*]

[*Aside.*]

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and
TRINCULO, in their stolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio,
bully monster; Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord *Anthonio*!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true:—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power;
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows, you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should
they

Find

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last,
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not
fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, firrah!

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, firrah, to my cell:
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely,

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious: that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—My *Ariel*;—chick,—} [*Aside.*

That is thy charge, then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

*NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours, my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!*

THE END.

REPORT OF

Знаменитый русский писатель.

DRAMATIC PERSONS

MEN

LEONARD, King of Sicily.
ROBERT, his brother.
MARTINUS, young Prince of Sicily.
ROBERT, his brother.

CAMILLO.
ANTIGONUS, Sicilian Lord.
CLEOMENES, his brother.
DION.

Another Sicilian Lord.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.

WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE, in the first, the Strand.
In the second, the same place.
Autolycus, a beggar, enters.
Time, as before.

WOMEN

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
FLORENCE, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady.
Two other ladies.
Mistress Overdone.
Peggey, her maid.

Enter for a Day, the Sicilian Court, and

Scene, a room in Sicily: Leontes, Hermione, & Paulina.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*

FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*

CLEOMENES,

DION,

Another Sicilian Lord.

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

A Mariner.

Goaler.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue.*

TIME, *as Chorus.*

WOMEN.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady.*

Two other Ladies.

MOPSA,

DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*

THE
WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Antichamber in LEONTES's Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think this coming summer the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed——

Cam. Beseech you——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over kind to Bohemia: they were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally
attornied

attorned with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposite winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENUS, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne.
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home to make us say
"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then ; and in that I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves ; none, none i'the world
So soon as your's could win me : so it should now
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay
To you a charge and trouble : to save both
Farewell our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so and he shall not stay ;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure [To POLIXENES.
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gift
Prefix'd for his parting : yet (good deed), Leontes ;
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.
I may not, verily.

Her. Verily ?

You put me off with limber vows : but I,
Tho' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths
Should yet say, " Sir, no going. Verily,
" You shall not go ; " a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you,
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
 To be your prisoner should import offending;
 Which is for me less easy to commit
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
 Of my lord's tricks and your's when you were boys:
 You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
 Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i'the sun
 And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
 That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
 You have tript since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
 Temptations have since then been born to us: for
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
 Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot! —
 Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
 Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on:
 The offences we have made you do we'll answer;
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
 You did continue fault, and that you slipt not
 With any but with us,

Leo.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest; thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? When was't
before?

I prithee; tell me; cram us with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre but to the gaol.
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.

Leo. Why that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter
"I am your's for ever!"

Her. It is *grace*, indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot.— [Aside.
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances,
But not for joy—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant;
But to be padding palms and pinching fingers
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh as 'twere
The mort o'the deer; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks!

Why that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf;
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that
I have,

To be full like me:—yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection; thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held!
Communicat'st with dreams—(How can this be?)
With what's unreal: thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost
(And that beyond commission, and I find it),
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leo. What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To

To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled
 Lest it should bite its master and so prove,
 As ornament oft does, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will !—why happy man be his dole !—My
 brother,
 Are you so fond of your young prince as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
 He's all my excercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And with his varying childness cures in me
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this 'squire
 Offic'd with me : we two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us shew in our brother's welcome.
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
 Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us
 We are yours i'the garden. Shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be found,
 Be you beneath the sky. I am angling now,
 Tho' you perceive me not how I give line ;

[*Aside, observing HERMIONE.*

Go to, go to ;
 How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife.

[*Exeunt POLIX. HER. and Attendants. Manent LEO.*

MAM. and CAM.

To her allowing husband ! Gone already,
 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears—a fork'd one.—
 Go play, boy, play :—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part whose issue
 Will his me to my grave: contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
 And many a man there is even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd
 As mine, against their will. Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
 It is a bawdy planet that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it
 From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly. Know it,
 It will let in and out the enemy
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
 Have the disease and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why that's some comfort.

What, Camillo there!

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius. Thou'rt an honest man.

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
 His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a fo forth: 'tis far gone

When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
 That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be't; good should be pertinent;
 But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine?

For

THE WINTER'S TALE.

11

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say?

Cam. Business, my lord, I think most understand,
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—Satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord! —

Leo. To bide upon't;—thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd. Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent: or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world
Sometimes puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt : you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute), or thought (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it),
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then say
My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so without
My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? the noon midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only
That would, unseen, be wicked ? Is this nothing ?
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good, my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie.

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why, he that wears her like his medal hanging
About his neck, Bohemia;—who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou
His cup-bearer (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd), thou might'st be spice-a-cup
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I have lov'd thee.—Make that thy question and
go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep: which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood of the prince, my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam.

Cam. I must believe you, sir,
I do and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
Provided that when he's remov'd your highness
Will take again your queen as your's at first,
Even for your son's sake ; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to your's.

Leo. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down ;
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, and thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit,*

Cam. O miserable lady !—But for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the prisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! Methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol.

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Waiving his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and
dare not?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts:
For, to yourself what you do know you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle); I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine), that thou declare

What

What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me ; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented if it be,
If not how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *loft*, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read !

Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born,
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd away to-night,

Your

Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will by twos and threes at several posterns
 Clear them o' the city. For myself I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemned by the king's own mouth;
 Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
 Be pilot to me and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen; part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a father if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

I Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam.

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kifs me hard, and speak to me as if I were
a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker (yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half moon made with a pen).

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will tell it softly:
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord.

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure ! in my true opinion !
Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accurs'd
In being so blest ! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts ;—I have drunk and seen the spider.—
Camillo was his help in this, his pander :
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted : that false villain
Whom I employ was pre-employ'd by him :
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open ?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy ; [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad you did
not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this ; sport ?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;
Away with him : and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for it is Polixenes
Has made her swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not ;
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable ;
 Praise her but for this her without-door form
 (Which on my faith deserves high speech), and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha—these petty brands
 That calumny doth use. Oh, I am out—
 That mercy does ; for calumny will fear
 Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say she's honest. But be it known
 (From him that has most cause to grieve it should be)
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said
 She's an adulteress ;—I have said with whom ;
 More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
 A federary with her ; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself
 But with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-fwerver, even as bad as those
 That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge that
 You have thus publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake
 In these foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison ;
 He who shall speak for her is far off guilty,
 But that he speaks.

Her.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thought so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,

[To her Ladies,

There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Hath deserv'd prison then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women—come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exit Queen guarded, and Ladies,

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again,

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer;
Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
In the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false
If she be.

C

Leo.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good, my lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters, the eldest is eleven,
The second and the third nine, and some five;
If this prove true they'll pay for't;—By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are coheirs,
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel. [*Striking his Brows.*]

Ant. If it be so
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What, lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you (or stupified
Or seeming so in skill) cannot or will not
Relish as truth, like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight
 Added to their familiarity
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed), do push on this proceeding:
 Yet, for a greater confirmation
 (For in an act of this importance 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild), I have dispatch'd in post
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
 Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
 From our free person she should be confin'd;
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
 We are to speak in public: for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison—call to him;

[Exit Gentleman.]

Let him have knowledge who I am! Good lady!
 No court in Europe is too good for thee;
 What dost thou then in prison? Now, good sir.

Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?

C 2

Gaol

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam; to the contrary.
I have exprefs commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now
Call her. Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Gaol. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, prithee. Here is such ado

[*Exit Gaoler.*]

To make no stain a stain as passes colouring.

Enter EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king, beshrew them;
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:

If

If she dares trust me with her little babe
 I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
 Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o'the child:
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue: there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
 To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
 Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from it
 As boldness from my bosom let it not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the queen: please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe
 I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
 The child was prisoner to the womb; and is
 By law and process of great nature thence
 Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
 The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour I
 Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Changes to the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leo. Nor night nor day no rest:—It is but weakness
 To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
 The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,

She, the adulteress;—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord!

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*

See how he fares.—Fy, fy! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
'Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
manded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you

That

That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needful heavings;—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord, but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How! —

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What! can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour), trust it
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come——
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils
Than such as most seems your's. I say I come
From your good queen,

Leo. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say good
queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter :
Here 'tis, commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her out o'door :—
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me ; and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd ; unroosted
By thy name Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife!

Paul. So I would you did ; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children your's

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself :—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten.
As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me.—This brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of Polixenes.—
Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul.

Paul. It is your's;
 And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
 So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
 Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of his frown, his forehead, nay the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles,
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —
 And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!
 And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
 Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
 It is an heretic that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
 But this most cruel usage of your queen
 (Not able to produce more accusation
 Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance
 Out of the chamber with her. Were I tyrant
 Where were her life? she durst not call me so
 If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
 Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis your's: Jove send her
 A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
 You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
 Will never do him good, not one of you.
 So so; farewell; we are gone.

[Exit.
Leo.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set thy wife on to this.—
 My child! away with't! Even thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
 Within this hour bring me word it is done
 (And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life
 With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please
 Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness give us better credit:
 We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech you
 So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg
 (As recompense of our dear services
 Past and to come) that you do change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

[*They kneel.*]

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? better burn it now
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
 —It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither:

[*To ANTIGONUS,*

You that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard
 So sure as this beard's grey), what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will my lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; (seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side.
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [Exit with the Child.

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed, foretels
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;

Summon

Summon a session that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
 And think upon my bidding. *[Exeunt severally.]*

A C T III.

SCENE III.—*A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION, with Attendants.

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
 Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits
 (Methinks I so should term them), and the reverence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!—
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
 And the ear deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so!)
 As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
 The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
 Turn all to the best! These proclamations
 So forcing faults upon Hermione,
 I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
 Will clear or end the business. When the oracle
 (Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
 Shall the contents discover, something rare
 Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go—fresh horses;—
 And gracious be the issue! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.*

Leo. This session (to our great grief we pronounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence.

HERMIONE *is brought in guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king
"of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high
"treason in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of
"Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the
"life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband:
"the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid
"open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance
"of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them for their
"better safety to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more

Than

Than history can pattern, though devis'd
 And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince here standing
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, fir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd to appear thus? if one jot beyond
 The bounds of honour, or in act or will
 That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, Fy, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
 That any of those bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
 Though 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
 (With whom I am accus'd), I do confess
 I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
 With such a kind of love as might become
 A lady like me; with a love even such,
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
 Which not to have done I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you, and towards your friend, whose love had spoke
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
 That it was your's. Now, for conspiracy
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
 For me to try how: all I know of it

Is,

Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court the gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.——As you were past all shame
(Those of your fact are so), so past all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth
Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The childbed privilege deny'd which 'longs
To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here to this place i'the open air before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not;——No life;
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honour
(Which I would free), if I should be condemn'd
Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else

But

But what your jealousies awake), I tell you,
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honour's all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter DION, and CLEOMENES.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Offi. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,
That you Cleomenes and Dion have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals and read.

Offi. "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read the truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'the oracle;
The session shall proceed! this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king! —

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The prince your son with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser.

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. — How now there?

[*HERMIONE faints.*

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

My swift command; tho' I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And fill'd with honour), to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended;

No richer than his honour. How he glitters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart cracking it

Break too! —

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What faying? boiling?

burning

In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture

D

Must

Must I receive, whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine! O, think what they have done,
 And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but shew thee of a fool inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish fire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer. But the last—O lords,
 When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
 Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word nor oath
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip or eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together naked, fasting
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on;
 Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord.

Lord. Say no more ;
Howe'er the business goes you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't :
All faults I make when I shall come to know them
I do repent. Alas ! I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ;
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again !
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time ; the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

D 2

Ant.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart to be so rid o'the business.

[Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe, I have heard
But not believ'd the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
" Since fate against thy better disposition
" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
" Of my poor babe according to thine oath,
" Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
" There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
" Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
" I prithee call't. For this ungentle business,
" Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
" Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,

Either

Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character; there these;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty one,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins;—Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd

To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—

Well may I get aboard.—This is the chase,

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three
and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for
there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with
child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark
you, now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nine-
teen, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They
have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the
wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I
have them 'tis by the sea-side brouzing of ivy. Good
luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the
Child.*] Mercy on's a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy,
or a child, I wonder! A pretty one, a very pretty one.
Sure some 'scape; tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read
waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some
stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work:
they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here.
I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he
hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to
talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What
ai'st thou, man?

D 3

Clo.

Clo. I have seen two such fights by sea and by land, but I am not to say it is the sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore: but that's not to the point. Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and frost as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first how the poor souls roar'd and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roar'd and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights; the men are not yet cold under water; nor the bear half din'd upon the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a fight for thee, look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'squire's child! Look thee here, take up, take up, boy; open't, so, let's see; it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling.—Open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go



Reuter del.

Hawkins sculp.

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go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the fight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

Enter TIME as Chorus.

Time.

I THAT please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving
That he shuts up himself. Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention here a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita now grown in grace

Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues
 I list not prophecy. But let Time's news
 Be known when 'tis brought forth:—A shepherd's daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is the argument of Time: Of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say
 He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit,

SCENE I.—*The Court of Bohemia.**Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot) to be more than thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia pray thee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be fresh lamented. Say to me when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but
 I have

I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man they say that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd, from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Changes to the Country.*

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer
With hey! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark that tirra-lirra chaunts,
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay;
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile! but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right,

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolicus, who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles. With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison: and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come I sleep out of the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see—Every eleven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the spring hold, the cock's mine— [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar, five pound of currants; rice—what will this sifter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man-song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of means and bates; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies; mace—dates—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'the sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!——

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, fir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet fir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed! he should be a footman by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good fir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good fir, softly, good fir: I fear fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; good fir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir; no, I beseech you fir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipt out o'the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut.

Aut. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue ; some call him Autolicus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig ! for my life, prig ; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, fir ; he, fir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia : if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter ; I am false at heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet, fir, much better than I was ; I can stand and walk : I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way ?

Aut. No, good-fac'd fir ; no, sweet fir.

Clo. Then farewell ; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit,

Aut. Prosper you, sweet fir !—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue !

*Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Shepherd's Cot.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life ; no shepherdes, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
 To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
 Oh pardon that I name them: your high self
 The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
 With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
 Most goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
 In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a cuſtom; I ſhould bluſh
 To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
 To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
 When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
 Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
 To me the difference forges dread; your greatneſs
 Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
 To think your father by ſome accident
 Should paſs this way as you did: Oh, the fates!
 How would he look to ſee his work ſo noble
 Vilely bound up! What would he ſay? Or how
 Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
 The ſternneſs of his preſence!

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
 As I ſeem now. Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way ſo chaſte; ſince my deſires
 Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear ſir,
 Your reſolution cannot hold when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king.
 One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities
 Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
 The mirth o'the feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's. For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say *No*.—Be merry, gentle;
 Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, Servants;
 with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
 Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
 At upper end o'the table, now i'the middle;
 On his shoulder and his; her face o'fire
 With labour; and the thing she took to quench it
 She would to each one sip. You are retir'd
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid
 These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o'the feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [*To POL. and CAM.*
 It is my father's will I should take on me
 The hostessship o'the day. You're welcome, sir!
 Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep

Seeming

Seeming and favour all the winter long.
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdes
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gilliflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, favoury, marjoram,
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping. These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam.

Cam. I should leave grazing were I of your flock
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest
friend,

I would I had some flowers o'the spring that might
Become your time of day; and your's, and your's,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids); gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-lis being one, O, these I lack
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair
That never meant to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greenward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry; garlic
To mend her kissing with. —

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners:
Come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it.
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kifs to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing: though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles

Do light upon her she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O, master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as if he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids: so, without bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens of *dil-do's* and *fa-dings*: *jump her and thump her*: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, flights him with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, cad-disses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over as they were gods and goddesses: you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of the pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother; or go about to think.

Enter

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa thou shoud'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you; 'may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should wear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here, ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how an usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer.

Aut. Here the midwife's name to it, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it too true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another. —

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou wilt beart a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither?

D. *Whither?* M. O, *whither?* D. *Whither?*
 M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
 D. *Me too, let me go thither.*
 M. *Or thou go'st to the grange or mill;*
 D. *If to either thou do'st ill.*
 A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
 D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*
 M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me;*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentleman are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 And silk and thread,
 Any toys for your head
 Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the pedlar,
 Money's a medlar,
 That doth utter all men's wear-a.*

[*Exit Clown, AUTOLICUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, fir^s hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why they stay at door, fir.

Here a Dance of Twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O, father! you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them. —
He's simple, and tells much. — How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him. If your last
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old fir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient fir, who it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! — I have put you out: —
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he and more

Than he, and men; the earth and heavens, and all:

That

That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
 Without her love: for her employ them all;
 Commend them and condemn them to her service,
 Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
 Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
 So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
 By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
 The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't;
 I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
 I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
 Enough then for your wonder. But come on,
 Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
 And, daughter, your's.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile; 'beseech you,
 Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
 Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
 That best becomes the table: pray you, once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
 With age and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing
 But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
 He has his health and ampler strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave fir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not;
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young fir,
[*Discovering himself,*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir
That thus affect'st a sheephook! Thou old traitor!
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with —

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin
Far than Deucalian off, Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever henceforth thou

These

These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much affear'd; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own state take care — this dream of mine —
Being now awake I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou die'st.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O, sir,
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. — O cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd; what I was I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech (which I do guess
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly
Will he endure your fight as yet I fear;
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo —

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks —
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient I have reason;
If not, my senses better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd; therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more), cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita —
I'll hear you by and by.

[To CAMILLO.

Cam.

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable,
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
 Purchase the fight again of dear Sicilia
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo——
 I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
 You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
 That I have born your father?

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
 To speak your deeds; not little of his care
 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
 If you may please to think I love the king;
 And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness: where you may
 Enjoy your mistress; from the whom I see
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by
 (As heavens forefend!) your ruin. Marry her;
 And with my best endeavours in your absence,
 Your discontenting father I will strive
 To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle be done?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
 To what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.

This follows. If you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight! make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess
(For so I see she must be), 'fore Leontes.
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:

I think

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word—
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLICUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his
sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my
trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass,
pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fast-
ing: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer:
by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture;
and, what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My
Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man)
grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not
stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so
drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses
stuck

stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[Seeing AUTOLICUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow, why shak'st thou so?

Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, thou must think there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

[Aside.]

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.—

[Aside.]

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy

Come home to you!—you must retire yourself

Into

Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
 And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
 Disin角度 you; and as you can, disliken
 The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
 For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board
 Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
 That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
 Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father
 He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
 Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
 Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king [Aside.
 Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
 Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
 To force him after: in whose company
 I shall review Sicilia; for whose fight
 I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
 Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[Exit FLO. with PER.]

Cam. The swifter speed the better. [Exit.]

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it: To have an
 open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a
 cutpurse; a good nose is requitable also, to smell out work
 for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust
 man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been with-
 out boot? what a boot is here with this exchange? Sure
 the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any
 thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of
 iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at
 his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to
 acquaint the king withal, I would do't; I hold it the more
 knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my
 profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Afide, afide;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed! brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! *[Afide.]*

Shep. Well; let us to the king: there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. — How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there?—what? with whom? the condition of that farthel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin;

coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, fir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *cap-à-pè*; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, fir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, fir: I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, fir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

F

Shep.

Shep. So 'tis said, fir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, fir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, fir, do you hear, an't like you, fir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aquavita, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men), what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd and flay'd alive——

Shep. An't please you, fir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep.

Shep. Ay, fir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some fort, fir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shew them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*Changes to Sicilia.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, & Servants.

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down

F 2

More

More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me:
Sorely to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Gleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindriess better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier, than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy!
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't

Is't not the tenour of his oracle
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
 Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary;
 Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;
 [To the King.]

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,
 I know, in honour: O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
 Have taken treasure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
 More rich for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives; therefore no wife: one worse,
 And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit
 Again possess her corps; and on this stage
 (Where we offend her now) appear soul-vest,
 And begin, *Why to me?* —

Paul. Had she such power,
 She had just cause,

Leo. She had; and would incense me
 To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so,
 Were I the ghost that walk'd; I'd bid you mark
 Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
 You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
 Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
 Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leo. Stars, stars!
 And all eyes else dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
 I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
 Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be blest'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, pray have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry—If you will, sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry 'till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath:
Never 'till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (the
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme); *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[Exit Cleomenes.
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair princess, goddess!—oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,

Amity too of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,

A graceful

A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless ; and your father's blest'd
 (As he from heaven merits it) with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me ;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has,
 His dignity and duty both cast off,
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia ? speak !

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whilst he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
 Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
 He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who, Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths, in death,

Per.

Per. Oh, my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry), you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition

[To FLORIZEL,

Is yet unanswered: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter* AUTOLICUS, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be,

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes 'a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermoine; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonys found with it, which they know to be his character;

character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding; and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, Oh, thy mother! thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse though credit be asleep, and not an ear open, he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

2 *Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, Oh, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes: for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confess'd and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bled tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me;
for

for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? Say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo.

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princess, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen.—Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever

Still

Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak:—First you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed.—Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? Oh, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing, like stone, with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience —
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live: no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol.



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Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then all stand still,
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*]
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs;

[*HERMIONE comes down.*]

Start not; her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*]
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead!

Paul.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted, and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.—
What!—Look upon my brother?—Both your pardons
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, who, heaven's directing,

Is troth-plaint to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
 Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
 We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

M. E. M.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of MILAN, Father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTHEUS, }

ANTHONIO, *Father to Protheus.*

THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Outlaws.

SPEED, *a Clownish Servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Protheus.*

PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*

W O M E N.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*

SILVIA, *the Duke of Milan's Daughter, beloved of Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in Verona, sometimes in Milan, and on the
Frontiers of Mantua.*

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place in Verand.**Enter VALENTINE and PROTHEUS.**Valentine.*

CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
 Wer't not affection chains thy tender day
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would intreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
 Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply see'st
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel;
 With me partaker in thy happiness
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell! [*Exit.*

Pro.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then,
and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep
the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks
not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the
shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for
wages followest thy master, thy master for wages followest
not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost
mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of
muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best
stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod? [*SPEED nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I said she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I said I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof henceforth carry your letters yourself; and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro.

Pro. Go, go, be gone to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to JULIA's Chamber. Enter JULIA
and LUCETTA.*

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Jul. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus—of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest I think best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh! they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Protheus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No* to that

Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod!

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc.

Luc. I would it were ;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Ful. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly ?

Luc. Nothing.

Ful. Why didst thou stoop then ?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Ful. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Ful. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Ful. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune ;
Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.

Ful. As little by such toys as may be possible ;
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Ful. Heavy ! belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Ful. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Ful. Let's see your song :—How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Ful. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Ful. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Ful. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Protheus.

Ful. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation !— [Tears it.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter.

[Exit.
Ful.

Ful. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
 Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
 And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
 I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
 Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia;—unkind Julia!
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—
 Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice or thrice was Protheus written down:
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ—
Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names:
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

Ful. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Ful. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Ful. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what fights you see;
 I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Ful. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



Puckler del.

Angus sculp.

SCENE III. ANTHONIO's House.

Enter ANTHONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Protheus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good I think your lordship sent him
thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,

The

The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus go:
And, in good time—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune,

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition. [Ex. ANT. and PANT.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:

I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;

He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;

And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Changes to Milan.*

*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Enter VALENTINE
and SPEED.*

Speed.

SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be your's; for this is but
one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, firrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, fir.

Val. Why, fir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, fir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

B

Val.

Val. Go to, fir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, fir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favour'd, fir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, fir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, fir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for your's.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—
Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. Oh, excellent motion! Oh, exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of your's;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when its writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O, excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

Val.

Val. How now, fir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom;

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, fir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well:

*For often you have writ to her; and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, fir? 'tis dinner time.*

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, fir: though theameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: oh, be not like your mistress!—be moved! be moved!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *JULIA's House at Verona.*

Enter PROTHEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the foener :
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a Ring.*]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
That tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
The tide will stay me longer than I should: [*Exit JULIA.*
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Protheus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the fourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so,

so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—oh! that she could speak now like a wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, afs; you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.**Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED,**Sil.* Servant—*Val.* Mistress.*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you,*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.*Speed.* Not of you.*Val.* Of my mistress then.*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him,*Sil.* Servant, you are fad.*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?*Val.* Haply I do.*Thu.* So do counterfeits.*Val.* So do you.*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?*Val.* Wife.*Thu.* What instance of the contrary*Val.* Your folly.*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.*Val.* Well, then I'll double your folly.*Thu.* How?*Sil.* What! angry, Sir Thurio: do you change colour?*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind ofameleon.*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.*Val.* You have said, fir.*Thu.* Ay, fir, and done too, for this time.*Val.* I know it well, fir; you always end ere you begin.*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.*Sil.* Who is that, servant?*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.*Val.*

Val. I know it well, fir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd and spent our hours together; And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Protheus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow), He is complete in feature and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, fir; but, if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, fir; this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a while: I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
 For Valentine I need not 'cite him to it:
 I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
 Upon an homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus!—Mistress, I beseech
 you

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
 If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
 To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
 To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
 Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
 Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA and THURIO.*]

Fal. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do your's?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Protheus! love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me! for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet

Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer my own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage
hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, firrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog; if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou that thy master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the alehouse with a Christian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O, sweet-suggesting love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.—
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some fly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [Exit.

SCENE VII. *JULIA's House in Verona.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me !
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd—
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly ;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh ! know'st thou not his looks are my soul's
 food ?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire ;
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns :
 The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Ful. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Ful. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Ful. That fits as well as—"tell me, good my lord,
 "What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
 Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
 madam.

Ful. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
 Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Ful. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
 For undertaking so untaid a journey?
 I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Ful. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
 If Protheus like your journey when you come,
 No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
 I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Ful. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarrience.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *The Duke's Palace in Milan.*

Enter Duke, THURIO, and PROTHEUS.

Duke.

SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.——

[*Exit THURIO.*]

Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Myself

Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
 And should she thus be stolen away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift,
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest ear;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),
 I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discovery be not aimed at;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit PRO.

Enter

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities,
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of her's,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd),
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;

Dumb

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more,
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? what's here?—

[*To SILVIA?*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,

And slaves they are to me that send them flying:

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servant's fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee:*

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son),

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think my patience more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence;

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But, if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself!

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val.

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
 To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
 And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
 Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day
 There is no day for me to look upon;
 She is my essence; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTHEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run; run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
 On's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
 So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
 For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No, Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that is the news!
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this wo already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die,
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which,

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate :

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love affairs :

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, firrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O, my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTHERUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the
wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all
one if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows
me to be in love : yet I am in love ; but a team of horse
shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love ; and yet
'tis a woman : but what woman, I will not tell myself, and
yet 'tis a milk-maid : yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had
gossips : yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and
serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-
spaniel—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the
cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis,
She can fetch and carry : Why, a horse can do no more :
nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she
better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*, look you : A sweet
virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce, what news with your
mastership ?

Laun. With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word ;
What news then in your paper ?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heardst.

Speed. Why, man, how black ?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head ; thou canst not read.

Speed.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this; Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother; this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench when she can knit him a stock.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! To be

be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too! it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good she shall: if she will not I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit—*

Laun. More hair than wit—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—*And more faults than hairs—*

Laun. That's monstrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed.—*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the fault gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me!

Laun. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! —I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Duke and THURIO, and PROTHEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you. Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her,

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trench'd in ice; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Protheus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.— Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee (For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert), Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter,

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so,

What

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio.

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, thus weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this kind ;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires,

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesie.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forfake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To fort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest leading towards Mantua.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Outlaw.

FELLOWS, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us what you have about
you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false 'vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 Out. We'll have him: firs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is a kind of honourable thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banish'd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose—(for we cite our faults
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives).
And partly seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our comfort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd,

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Under SILVIA'S Apartment in Milan.

Enter PROTHEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under

Under the colour of commending him,
 I have access my own love to prefer;
 But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,
 She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
 And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Protheus, are you cleft before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily for a while.

Enter Host, at a Distance; and JULIA in Boy's Clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're ally-
 cholly; I pray you why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you
 where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you
 ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

D

SONG.

S O N G.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise, is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father?

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit when it jars so.

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host.

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Ful. Peace! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt THURIO and Music.*]

SILVIA appears above at her Window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I'm so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduc'd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and bye intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Ful. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be, yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would sure
deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it;
And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTHEUS and SILVIA.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Host. Marry, at my house: trust me I think 'tis almost
day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA

SILVIA above at her Window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself,
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O, Eglamour! thou art a gentleman
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd,
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity,
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose,
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues,
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me;
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglemour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog,* says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out,* says the third; *Hang him up,* says the duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend,* quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I,* quoth he. *You do him the more wrong,* quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do?

do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTHEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant,
[*To LAUNCE.*

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and, therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business.
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But chiefly for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou; for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me,

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token ;
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so ; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas !

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas ?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia :

She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;
You doat on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary,
And, thinking on it, makes me cry alas !

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit PROTHEUS.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?
Alas, poor Protheus ! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs ;

Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loves her he despiseth me ;

Because I love him I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will :

And now I am (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that which I would not obtain ;

To carry that which I would have refus'd ;

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd,

I am my master's true confirmed love ;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA.

Gentlewoman, good-day ! I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

SILVIA

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Protheus, madam,

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there,

[Picture brought,

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

—Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold,

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths; which he will break

As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure:

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul.

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
 When she did think my master lov'd her well,
 She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
 But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
 The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
 And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
 When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
 Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
 And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;
 Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
 As if the garment had been made for me :
 Therefore I know she is about my height.
 And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
 For I did play a lamentable part :
 Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
 For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;
 Which I so lively acted with my tears
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
 Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth :—

Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—
 I weep myself, to think upon thy words ;
 Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
 Farewell.

[Exit SILVIA.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
 Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of her's :
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :

If

If that be all the difference in his love
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
 Ay, but her forehead's low; and mine's as high.
 What should it be that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O, thou senseless form!
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee.

[Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.**Enter EGLAMOUR.**Eglamour.*

THE sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening.

Enter SILVIA.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
 I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
 If we recover that, we are sure enough.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTHEUS, and JULIA.**Thu.* Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?*Pro.* Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?*Pro.* No; that it is too little.*Thu.* I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.*Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.*Thu.* What says she to my face?*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

[*Aside.*]*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.*Thu.* But well when I discourse of love and peace?*Jul.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.[*Aside.*]*Thu.* What says she to my valour?*Pro.* Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.[*Aside.*]*Thu.* What says she to my birth?*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.*Jul.* True; from a gentleman to a fool,[*Aside.*]*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them.*Thu.* Wherefore?*Jul.* That such an ass should owe them,[*Aside.*]*Pro.* That they are out by lease.*Jul.* Here comes the duke,*Enter Duke.**Duke.* How now, Sir Protheus? How now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?*Thu.* Not I.*Pro.* Nor I.*Duke.*

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moyfes and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There

There is our captain; we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot escape.

I Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Outlaws' Cave in the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou! that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What hallowing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; Who's this come's here?
[*VAL. steps aside.*]

Enter PROTHEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth),
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;

A smaller

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I am sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[*Aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[*Aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by an hungry lion
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
Oh! heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjur'd Protheus;
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one;
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form
I'll woo you, like a soldier, at arms end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh, heaven!

Pro.

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love
(For such is a friend now); treacherous man!

Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say

I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.

Who should be trusted when one's own right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: Oh time, most curst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest:—

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. Oh me, unhappy!

[Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the
matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me

To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;

Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

[Gives a Ring.]

Pro. How! let me see!

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.



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Jul. Oh! cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another Ring.*]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh, Protheus! let this habit make thee blush.
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true, oh heaven!
were man

But constant he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven,
I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke,
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
 Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
 Take but possession of her with a touch ; —
 I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;
 I hold him but a fool that will endanger
 His body for a girl that loves him not :
 I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
 To make such means for her as thou hast done,
 And leave her on such slight conditions. —
 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
 Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe — Sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me
 happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
 Are men endu'd with worthy qualities ;
 Forgive them what they have committed here,
 And let them be recall'd from their exile :
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them and thee ;
 Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
 Come, let us go ; we will include all jars
 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
 With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
 What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

Val.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered;
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.